

UFO's - ROSWELL REVISITED

**AFTER 43 YEARS,
NEW WITNESSES
REVEAL THEIR
EXPERIENCES OF
THE UFO CRASH
NEAR ROSWELL.**

There were four — two dead, one dying, one apparently uninjured. The creatures were about 4 feet tall, with heads disproportionately large for their bodies by human measure and almond-shaped, coal black eyes. They huddled in the shadow of 50-ft-diameter silver disk - a "flying saucer" that had crashed into a low hillside on the rim of what locals call the Plains of San Augustin.

Anderson, a former police chief at Rockaway Beach and Taney County deputy sheriff who now works as a security officer in Springfield, is adamant about events on the hot midsummer day so long ago. "I saw them. I even touched one of the creatures. I put my hand on their ship. And I wasn't alone - my dad, my uncle, my brother and my cousin all saw the same things. And so did a lot of other people. But they aren't talking.

Anderson is talking, publicly, after 43 years of silence. Among those listening most intently are some of the foremost researchers into UFO phenomena.

Anderson says he was unaware of ongoing fascination and controversy over the strange episode from his childhood until one evening this past January(1990) when he was flipping through channels on his TV set and stumbled across the popular program "Unsolved Mysteries."

On sudden impulse, he dialed a phone number that flashed onto the screen. "I guess I figured that if people were still interested in this thing, they might as well get it straight" is the only explanation he can muster for speaking up after years of keeping mostly mum on the matter.

Anderson's phone soon was ringing with calls from UFO researchers around the country.

One in particular, Stanton Friedman, a nuclear physicist and popular lecturer who had advised the "Unsolved Mysteries" producers, was struck by correlations between Anderson's recollections and obscure details Friedman uncovered while sleuthing for a book to be published next year. Friedman contacted John Carpenter, a Springfield professional therapist who in his spare time serves as a director of investigations for the local chapter of MUFON, a nationwide organization of UFO researchers.

Carpenter put great stock in Anderson's recountings under hypnosis. "It's what he didn't say that was significant." Carpenter says, explaining that despite clever prodding, Anderson never committed a hoaxer's mistake of "recalling" something that shouldn't be a part of his own memory.

The Anderson family arrived in Albuquerque from Indiana on July 4, 1947. they took up temporary residence at the home of one of Gerald's uncles, Guy Anderson. Gerald's father, Glen, was about to take a job as a master machinist involved in nuclear weapons design at the super-secret Sandia base on the outskirts of town.

The next day, another uncle, Ted, struck up a conversation with Gerald's older brother Glen Jr., who was on leave from the Marine Corps. Glen Jr. was a rockhound, and his uncle piqued the young Marine's enthusiasm with talks of gorgeous stones just waiting to be collected in the desert. "Ted told my brother, 'I know where there's plenty of moss agate.' So we all piled into a 1940 Plymouth - Uncle Ted, my cousin Victor (Ted's 8 year old son), my brother, Glen, my dad and myself. We went out into this area where the moss agate was supposed to be, followed two ruts into the desert, bounced along out there for a while, and ended up on top of a ridgeline.

We parked the car and started to walk down an arroyo (gully) and dry creek bed and out onto the plains.

But we came around a corner and right there in front of us stuck into the side of this hill, was a silver disc. We all went up there to it. There were three creatures, three bodies, lying on the ground underneath this thing in the shade. Two weren't moving and the third one obviously was having trouble breathing, like when you have broken ribs. There was a fourth one next to it, sitting there on the ground. There wasn't a thing wrong with it, and it apparently had been giving first aid to the others.

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Anderson animatedly acts out the fourth creature's reaction when the family members approached. "It recoiled in fear, like it thought we were going to attack it," Anderson recounts, covering his face with crossed arms. The adults tried to repeatedly to communicate with the frightened creature, Anderson says, but there was no audible response to greetings spoken in English and Spanish.

A few minutes after the Anderson clan happened upon the bizarre scene, six other people arrived - five college students and their teacher. They'd been working on an archaeological dig around cliff dwellings a few miles away and had decided to hike

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over after seeing what they thought was a fiery meteor crashing the night before.

The professor, a Dr. Buskirk, tried several foreign languages in unsuccessful attempts to coax a verbal response from the creature, Anderson says. The sun had climbed to a midday peak by this time so he sought shelter in the shadow of the spacecraft. "It was 115 (degrees) out there that day, but around the craft, when you got close to it, it was cold. When you touched the metal, it felt just like it came out of a freezer." Anderson also touched one of the creatures lying motionless on the ground - and it, too was cold.

A pickup truck arrived on the ridge, and a fellow whom researchers believe was a civil engineer named Barney Barnett joined the curious audience. "I remember thinking he looked like Harry Truman. In 1947, every kid knew what Harry Truman looked like," Anderson says.

After a few minutes, Anderson summoned the courage to again creep close to the strange saucer. It was then more chilling than the surface of the craft of the skin of the corpse; The upright creature turned and looked right at me and it was like he was inside my head, as if he was doing my thinking, as if his thoughts were in my head." Anderson remembers a mental sensation of falling and tumbling end-over-end. "I felt that thing's fear, felt its depression, felt its loneliness. I relived the crash. I know the terror it went through. That one look told me everything that quickly," he says with a snap of his fingers.

Other things began happening quickly about this time, Anderson says. A contingent of armed soldiers suddenly appeared. The creature, which had calmed down after its initial fright, "went crazy" at the sight of the soldiers.

Thinking back on the creature's plight today brings on the "awfullest, horrible feeling," Anderson says. "His situation was hopeless. He knew it. He'd just lived through a nightmare that most of us wouldn't be able to psychologically stand. He'd watched two of his crew, his friends or maybe even his family die. He's watching another one die. He knows there's no chance of rescue, because the military is here and his people aren't going to be able to get him. "God only knows how far away from home he was, and he knew he was never going to see - if they have loved ones - his loved ones again. He was totally alone on a hostile planet, and the only people who were showing him kindness were being run off by the military at weapon-point. "

As a kid, I was aware of what being afraid of the dark was like., and the feeling I got from him was that feeling multiplied a million times. It was scary. It was terrifying.

Anderson says he lost sight of the creature as the soldiers swarmed over the site. The civilians were brusquely shoved from the craft. Anderson remembers shouts and threats. His uncle Ted threw a punch at one of the GIs. "Things got very tense, very dangerous," Anderson says. "The soldiers ushered us out of there very unceremoniously. Their attitude, to describe it at best, was uncivilized."

Anderson has an especially vivid memory of a tough-talking red haired Army captain and an equally gruff black sergeant. "They told my dad and my uncle, who also worked at Sandia, that if they were ever to divulge anything about this - it was a secret military aircraft, they said - then us kids would be taken away and they'd never see us again."

It seems an outrageous threat in hindsight, Anderson concedes. But at the time, he reminds, "These people had machine guns and you listened to what they said."

Another recollection strikes Anderson as odd today: The soldiers didn't appear surprised about the otherworldly craft and creatures. they didn't gawk, slack-jawed and awe-struck as the Andersons had done. They were very cognizant of what they were looking at, and it soon became apparent, Anderson says, that the Army knew what it wanted to do with the find. "there was a battalion of military, a real invasion force, when we got back up on the hilltop.

There were trucks, there were airplanes - they had the road blocked off and they were landing on it. They had radio communications gear set up. There were ambulances, and more soldiers with weapons."

In the days that followed, all of New Mexico was abuzz with talk of strange lights in the sky, strange echoes on radar, strange doings in the desert.

On July 7, new reports told of remnants of an unidentified aircraft found by a rancher near the town of Roswell, N.M. about 150 miles east of the hillside where the Anderson's stumbled upon the saucer. Although several witnesses said it was like nothing they'd ever seen before, military officers insisted the metallic pieces came from an ordinary weather balloon.

Forty three years later, Anderson smiles wryly when reminded of the Army's pronouncement, "A lot of people wondered why, if it was just a weather balloon, the military put the pieces under armed guard and flew them in a B-29 to Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio," he observes.

"There was a gash in the side of the disc we saw, like it had been crushed in," he says. "The contour of the craft would fit into that gash perfectly - like another one of these things had hit it. I think two of these discs had a mid-air collision. One exploded and fell in pieces near Roswell, and the other crash-landed where we found it.

Of the five Anderson men who ventured into the desert that day in 1947, only Gerald is still alive. Age, illness and accidents claimed the other four in recent years.

But not only the Andersons were at the scene, Gerald says, and he hopes his decision to come forth, albeit belated, will encourage others to tell what they know and spur official revelations about the captured craft and creatures. "I want to see the government stand up and say, 'Look, we're not alone in the universe.

(Taken from an article in the NEWS-LEADER, a newspaper from Springfield, Missouri, dated Sunday, December 9, 1990.)

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